FAVORITE ARTICLES ON THE MENU OF STATESMEN

"Terrapin Tom" Who Presided Over Capitol Restaurant, Relates Gastronomic Peculiarities of Nation's Lawmakers.

(Kansas City Star.)

In the days when "Terrapin Tom" presided over the Congressional restaurant in the south wing of the capitol building at Washington, the luncheon hour for the members of the lower House was a period of anecdote and conventionality, for even among the nation's elect the personality of Thos. Jefferson Murray amounted to an influence. His official service of feeding the mighty lasted from 1892 to 1896, the appointment having been obtained through the kindly interest of Amos J. Cummings, who knew Mr. Murray as a writer on culinary topics for a New York paper.

It is perhaps due to "Tom" Murray that history has a tersely humorous record in the gastronomic peculiarities of congressmen, some of whom are now senators. The penciled record was kept in a small brown book by the sister-in-law of the restaurant man, who acted as cashier, it being subject to his inspection and comment at the close of each day.

Here are some extracts:

W. C. P. Beckinridge always orders pork and beans, "plenty of pork."

Robert Adams, Jr., Pennsylvania—Fond of good living. Knows what good living is. Lunch consists of rare roast beef, hash, brown potatoes and coffee, when he is alone.

John Allen (wit of the House)—Fond of good eating, meat, drink and cigars. Prefers it at other's expense.

John Avery, Michigan.—Customary lunch, roast beef, bottle of beer. Often lunches with Adlai Stevenson and Dr. Thomas.

Henry W. Blair, New Haven.—Ususally breakfasts in restaurant on griddle cakes. Lunches at counter, always orders oysters.

Richard Bland.—Bread and butter and ginger ale.

Charles A. Boutelle (objector), Maine.—Bowl of bread and milk always.

Clifton Breckinridge, Arkansas.—Usually with Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia. Has oysters and ale for lunch.

John L. Betz, Indiana.—Seldom in restaurant. Usually at counter in lunch room.

Case Broderick, Kansas.—Small steak, coffee, apple pie, glass of milk.

Jason B. Brown, Indiana.—Always orders well. Frequently breakfasts with Postmaster Dayton of lower House, when check is always $5 or $6.

Julius W. Burrows, Michigan.—Generally holds discussion over high prices. Roast beef and ale customary lunch.

Amos J. Cummings.—Eats everything sour, calves head, pickles, sour soups. While dictating to stenographer always has a bottle of milk beside him.

Joseph Bailey, Texas.—Comes in dressed in black, with a low-cut vest and white tie. Orders small steak, coffee.

John H. Bankhead, Alabama.—Man's man. Orders broiled lobster with bottle of beer, always.

Frank Bartlett, New York.—Lemonade; nothing to eat.

Frank Bertzhoover, Pennsylvania.—One cup of coffee, always with cream.

Henry Bingham, swell, Pennsylvania.—A real gastronome. In warm weather his usual lunch consists of cold lamb, cold asparagus, one pint of champagne. Other times a dozen Lynn Havens with a bottle of ale.

C. Cadmus, of New Jersey.—Roast beef, gin fizz with an egg.

Thomas C. Catchings, Mississippi.—Roast beef and tea.

Charles A. Chickering, New York.—Bread and milk.

William J. Coombs, Brooklyn.—Never appears without red satin necktie. Ordered oysters on shell and glass of cherry, and his tip was invariably five cents.

Robert G. Cousins, Iowa.—Very proud of his chafing dish oysters, which he always prepared himself.

William C. Crawford, North Carolina.—Corn bread and milk. Never by any chance allows boy to pay his check, so that boy never gets a tip.

Charles Curtis.—Always with Broderick; same lunch. Let the First District Kansan think of that, "Always with Broderick."

Nelson Dingley, Maine.—Always has for lunch bread and milk and a bit of salt codfish to pick at.

Alexander Dockery, Misouri.—Fond of turkey, with which he always eats horse-radish; side dishes of bacon and greens. Fortunately he is an M. D., for by the way he bolts his food he must suffer from indigestion. (December 10, 1894.)

John P. Doliver.—Roast beef, ginger ale.

Wm. F. Draper, Massachusetts, (since Minister to Italy).—Apple pie, glass of milk. Will take gin cocktail with General Custis, but with no one else.

Edward J. Dumphey, New York.—Pickled lambs' tongue, cup of tea. He is very thin, no wonder!

Allen C. Durborrow, Illinois.—Insists on chili sauce with everything.

Thomas D. English, New Jersey.—Author of "Allen Ben Bolt." Junior colleagues succeed in making him very angry by singing "Sweet Alice" in varying keys whenever he appears. Several times he has left the restaurant in a rage during the singing.

William Everett, Massachusetts.—Book-worm and white as parchment. Always reads while he eats. Once when writer drew out chair for him, he turned fiercely about and said: "Don't you pull out a chair for me; I'll sit where I please."

George B. Fielder, of New Jersey.—Generally eats in ladies' room with ladies.

Galusha Grow.—Once Speaker of the House. Bowl of bread and milk.

General Curtis, New York.—Six feet tall. Modest eater. Tells story of having been buried alive during the civil war and rescued from coffin.

Gen. Daniel Sickles, New York.—Lynn Havens, rice pudding. Pudding kept specially for him.

"Jo" Cannon.—Comes in whistling, and always asks for the best cigar on earth.

General Grosvenor, Ohio.—Gentleman. Moderate in all things.

FROM CAPE TO CAIRO

WORK BEING DONE ON RAILROAD PROJECTED BY CECIL RHODES —PLANS FOR SETTLERS

(London Times.)

Sir Charles Metcalfe, who is leaving direct for the Victoria falls in order to superintend the extension of the Cape to Cairo railway from the Zambesi to Barotseland, will on his arrival in South Africa begin work upon a scheme which is about to be inaugurated for the settlement of colonists along the railway. In the course of an interview with Reuter's representative before his embarkation for the cape, Sir Charles Metcalfe said: "One of the greatest needs of South Africa is an increased white population. With the object of inducing colonists to come into the country now being tapped by the Cape to Cairo railway, land is being surveyed which will be given out in free grants of 160 acres each to bona fide settlers. At the present moment we are reserving plots along the line from Buluwayo right up to the Zambesi and beyond, as the railway progresses, and, judging from last year's favorable results of cotton and tobacco cultivation, settlers should have a prosperous future before them. I expect that some settlers will begin taking up these grants in November. With 100 pounds capital intending settlers ought to be able to support themselves until their first crops are salable. If, after a year's experience, these settlers find the country and the prospects satisfactory, money will probably be advanced, where necessary, to enable them to send for their families and continue work on a larger scale.

"Good progress is being made with the Cape to Cairo railway north of the Zambesi on the section known as the northern extension from Victoria falls to Kalomo, the administrative center of Barotseland, a distance of 100 miles.

At the Victoria falls the engineers are hard at work at the cantilever bridge which is to span the Zambesi. The bridge work is ready, and is being shipped out in sections as wanted. The foundations are all in hand on the south side of the river; two of the bays are already erected. Work is in progress simultaneously from both banks of the Zambesi. The bridge will have ten bays in all, and the rate of progress is expected to be two bays a month. Immense quantities of material are already on the spot. An electric motor cable with a span of over nine hundred feet—the largest thing of its kind which has been attempted—carries the material from one bank of the Zambesi to the other. This is a new experiment and cheapens considerably the cost of erection. By next spring, when the line reaches Kalomo, the question will arise of the further extension of the railway toward Tanganyika.

"I know there are people who think the Cape to Cairo line mythical. There are others who shrug their shoulders at this railway development and say, 'Will it pay?' I am firmly of the opinion that there will be not merely one line in this region, but that it will become a network of railways. I base this opinion on the productiveness of the soil and the immense population there will be in that territory, now that we have absolutely stopped the slave trade."

THE JOURNAL'S DAILY SHORT STORY

Breaking The Record,

BY JEANNE CALDWELL.

The man grasped the lever of the French touring car, and the crimson demon stopped so suddenly that it fairly sprang backward. The lane was narrow, and the girl who stood directly in the path of the machine had the imperious carriage of one who felt she held the key to the situation. When the dust had subsided, the man saw that above the imperious figure rose a face of singular charm, surrounded by an aureole of copperish gold. All this he saw in a flash despite his leather visor and ugly goggles.

The girl came to the side of the machine.

"You are Mr. Benedict's chauffeur?"

The man nodded his head and made a motion as if to raise his cap. The girl put one foot on the step.

"Yes, I recognized the car. I want you to take me to Barrington as fast as you can make the machine go."

The man stirred uneasily.

"But I am meeting some people at the 11:30 train"—

"That makes no difference," said the girl, sweeping away his objections with

"WILL YOU PLEASE THANK HIM FOR ME?"

true feminine finality. "I will answer to Mr. Benedict for your disobeying orders. A woman is dying in that cottage. To save her life the doctor must have certain things from his office in Barrington, and you must take me for them."

Even before she finished the sentence he had thrown open the low door, and she sprang up beside him. As she settled into her place the mighty car swung round in a circle, and they were off. She unfastened the veil from her big flat hat, tucked the latter behind her and tied the tulle over her hair, which refused, however, to be confined by such gentle measures. The man saw all this from the tail of his eye despite the goggles.

The road stretched before them, smooth and level as asphalt pavement. No teams were in sight.

"Faster!" cried the girl impatiently. "You can surely make better time than this!"

"Against the law," said the man curtly.

"Very well, break the law. I'll pay the fine if you are arrested. Oh, don't you understand? I've never seen any one die, and we've got to get back in time to save her!"

The car sprang forward. The girl closed her eyes suddenly. She had never ridden so fast.

"Accident?" hissed the man's voice in her ear.

"Yes; she fell and cut herself. I was driving by in my pony cart when I heard her groan. It was dreadful. I had never seen blood before, you know. Just then Dr. Herron drove along. He said something about an artery and went to making bandages. I—I don't think I was much good—I turned so faint. Then he wanted to drive back to Barrington for some things, and—I—I was afraid to stay alone with her. He wrote the list on a paper, and I was just starting with the pony cart when I heard your machine. The doctor says she has just one chance in a hundred. You were the chance."

The car stopped at the top of the hill.

"Brace yourself," said the man curtly. Then came the plunge downward. It seemed to the girl as if the wheels did not strike the ground as they passed through space. When they reached the foot of the hill she realized suddenly that the chauffeur had been holding her in the car with an arm firm and unflinching. He did not apologize when he removed its support. They were turning into the village.

"Which street?" he demanded. And she pointed to a white gabled cottage. He was evidently a well trained chauffeur of a multimillionaire bachelor. He knew enough to keep his place and not to take advantage of an awkward situation.

The doctor's wife followed her to the car, talking volubly.

"Now, don't you stay around that place, fretting your soul out, Miss Carleton. The doctor will get some neighbor to stay with her."

The car panted up the hill.

"Isn't this dreadful?" asked the girl nervously. "Oh, excuse me: I know you are making good time, but it seems as if we were crawling. That woman has the dearest baby. She cannot die and leave the poor little thing all alone."

"Did you ever think, Miss—Miss Carleton," said the man, watching her curiously, "that the baby might be better off if the mother died? The woman is poor. You or some other rich woman might adopt the child and give it a better home than the mother ever could."

"No, you don't understand. So many men say such things because they do not understand women—and babies. It isn't the home; it's the love." She had forgotten that the man beside her was a servant. She was thinking only of the baby that had cooed confidingly in her arms while the doctor worked over its mother. "I've seen it curled in her arms. If she died, no arm would encircle it in just the same way. No, you can't understand, because you are a man. But I—I've felt always that I was cheated out of something—something that every other girl I knew had—a mother. There's a loneliness—I can't just tell you what it is. Sometimes it comes in the dark when you are alone and sometimes when you are among other people and see other girls with their mothers. I can't describe my feeling, but I just felt as if I must save the mother to that baby."

The man did not answer, but the machine did. It gave a despairing groan and shot up the incline in a way that would have made its makers proud.

The touring car stood outside the humble cottage until the girl came out again. Her eyes shone like stars.

"We got here in time. She is alive. I thank you very much. Is Mr. Benedict coming home today?"

The man nodded and put a hand on the lever.

"Will you please thank him for me?—and I will do so in person, when we meet."

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"Mr. Benedict, if you are very good you may take Miss Carleton out to dinner," said his hostess. "You know she has developed into a haughty Berkshire beauty."

"Little Mame Carleton?" he murmured.

"Yes; only since she is old Charley Carleton's heiress they spell it with a 'y'—'Mayme.'"

They crossed the room to where Miss Carleton was chatting with her host. She extended her hand cordially.

"I am glad to see Mr. Benedict home again, and especially glad to have this early chance to thank him for his touring car, which I borrowed so unceremoniously this afternoon."

"And my chauffeur?"

At sound of his voice Miss Carleton looked around as if for support, but host and hostess had drifted away.

"I—I thought"—

"Of course," he said, with a quizzical laugh, "it has been five years since last we met—and then there were the goggles." He was looking at her hair. "I think I like it best tied down with a veil," he remarked irrelevantly.

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"Please send your carriage away and let me take you home in my car," he urged. She hesitated, then gave the order, and they went back over the Barrington road.

"We broke the record right here," he said gleefully as they slowly climbed the hill. Then his voice turned serious. "I like to break records—and yet here I've wasted five years away from you, wandering the world over. I never realized until this afternoon why it was that I was lonesome too. I've been wanting just you—and I didn't know it."

And then the big car shot into the dim shadows of the narrow lane, and not even the night birds and the stars could see the answer he read in her eyes.